

participate in what SNCC is to be, since it is people doing work. The fact of the organization, SNCC, provides a visibility to other people doing this kind of work, which is key to sustaining me through day-to-day resistance and pressure to stop (after all, things are opening up for "qualified Negroes"). I suspect that the extension of this kind of working lies in this visibility that sustains the individual, and gives him the strength to continue to try and touch other people.

Hope and change (for people, they are intimately connected) lie in what can be built by people on their own terms (not taught terms), and sustained. For even as the "niggers been kept in their place," so have people. The "order" of the country is based on people being taught to relinquish the right to order their own lives. The claiming of this right is disorderly; disorder which has to be, if real order is to happen.

Finally, a poem:

*People caught
by controls taut
(also taught)
sometimes fought*

*Lives snatched
never caught
lost, gone
ripped, torn
at times reborn*

*To be hounded
and pounded
over cries sounded
sometimes heard.*

Postscript: A Moderately Great Society.

It is pretty difficult to come out against greatness. Nobody wants to be thought small, or petty, or narrow.

I would not have the nerve, therefore, to come out against the Great Society. Nevertheless, between the great and the grandiose is a hair's breadth. It is an invisible boundary that can be passed over without noticing it.

The man or the society, however, that passes over it is on the road to destruction, for grandiosity is greatness without realism, without tenderness, without sensitivity, and it produces a frame of mind that eventually becomes deaf to the ominous messages of the real world. I believe the United States is frighteningly close to this boundary, a Rubicon that Caesar crossed, Napoleon crossed, Hitler crossed, and from which there is no return save through disaster. Whether we have crossed this boundary, I do not know.

It is, of course, our image of ourselves not only as a great power but as *the* great power that is at the root of all our grandiosity. Can't we have a Moderately Great Society? One lesson of history is that nothing fails like success, for the successful do not have to learn anything.

By almost all the world's standards, the United States is an inconceivable success. We have attributed this largely to our virtue and good management, not wholly without reason, but a certain amount of it is due to luck — the fact, for instance, that we have so often done the right thing for the wrong reasons.

What is dangerous, however, is that because of our

success it is hard for us to learn that we may be operating with an image of the world that has in fact passed away. The conditions of success in the future are not the same as the conditions in the past. What we do not understand, and seem almost incapable of learning, is that in the long run, legitimacy is much more important for survival than either wealth or military power; and that though up to a point, wealth and military power create legitimacy, beyond a certain point, they destroy it.

It was Stalin at Yalta, we may remember, who sneered at the Pope for having no divisions, but Stalin's divisions did not save his good name for posterity or his monstrous statues from destruction, while St. Peter's still stands.

In the international arena, then, the United States has delusions of grandeur. We spend \$50 billion a year to impose our will on the world and we find that we are impotent in Vietnam because we have no legitimacy.

Even if our napalm and airborne terror produce "victory," the damage done to our moral image is enormous, for we have become a monster. Our wealth and military power produce affability on the world's face and curses in its heart. We are incapable of organizing the world in our own image, and in the course of trying to do this, we are destroying ourselves.

The military-industrial complex is eating the heart out of American life and seriously reducing — perhaps in the long run fatally — its potential for economic progress. In the 1950's, for instance, there were 45 countries

that had a higher rate of growth in per capita income than the United States.

Because we are grandiose on the international scene, our perfectly sincere motivations toward producing a Great Society at home are all too likely to be frustrated. I can only sketch the points of failure.

Our agricultural policy, while it has produced a spectacular technological success, has failed to develop the social inventions needed to make the necessary adjustment to this success, and we find ourselves with uncontrollable surpluses. We ship these abroad under the benevolent title of Food for Peace and create cumulative dependency and the probability of future disasters and famines of enormous magnitude. Already our barns are half empty and surplus may give way to shortage.

Our flood control policies actually increase the probability of loss both of life and of property from floods because we treat rivers as physical systems and enemies instead of as social systems and dangerous friends. Our public housing creates desert communities, filing cases for live bodies, alienation and delinquency. Urban renewal tackles the problem of slums by pushing little people in little houses around and moving the rich and middle class into the central city and the slums outside. If we are not careful, indeed, the bulldozer will become the symbol of the Great Society.

Our educational system, in spite of recent improvements, is still shockingly inadequate and is still produc-

ing far too many people who are functionally illiterate and incapable of taking their place in the modern world. Our architecture is an assembly line of imported rectangular clichés. Our airports are clearly designed without human beings in mind, and our automobiles are designed to kill 40,000 or 50,000 people a year. Our civilian industries are technologically backward, our railroads are a national disgrace, television is a wasteland and we cannot even control the Dutch elm beetle.

By this time, I am sure, I have lost all my friends, most of whom are in the Vital Center, or what I am now tempted to call the Devitalized Consensus. "Just give us time," they will say. "Our hearts are in the right place. We are very busy solving all these problems, and pretty soon they will all be solved."

The Vietnamese will all be dead, the slums will be cemented over and the poor will no longer be with us. If there are any left, they will be against us.

I am an ingrate, a curmudgeon. There goes the bus to the Great Society, with a brass band on the top and a missile at the rear, and I seem to have fallen off and am just throwing up quietly on the sidewalk.

KENNETH E. BOULDING
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MR. BOULDING is professor of economics at the University of Michigan and author of *The Organizational Revolution* and many other books.

Don't Expect de Gaulle To Change

by Michel Gordey

Paris

After his reelection in the run-off on December 19, Charles de Gaulle's "foreign policy of independence" will remain basically the same. The Western facet of his diplomacy will be the growing strain on the Atlantic Alliance, the dangerous crisis of the Common Market and the loosening of French ties with Bonn. The rapprochement with Moscow and the Soviet-bloc countries, the cultivation of his good relations with Peking will be carried on in the East—to an extent. The special position of France toward Japan and the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America, will be used as another tool for raising the status—or, as the Gaullists prefer to call it—the prestige of France.

However, future French foreign policy may be influenced, in a negative or positive way, by the short but violent election campaign. At long last, de Gaulle may

take into consideration new trends of French public opinion which he has hitherto disregarded.

To everybody's—including the General's—surprise, foreign policy played a major role in the weeks preceding the Presidential election. As recently as six months ago, the vast majority did not care about their government's diplomatic games. In 1964, only one-quarter of the population considered foreign policy a matter of prime importance. "Let the Old Man take care of it," most of them thought. And the Old Man did, in his own unique way, with sudden turnabouts, far-fetched statements about the far-off future, and with surprising short-range decisions, made in such a way that even his most trusted associates and ministers never knew beforehand what was going to happen. The government-controlled television and radio fed a steady diet of news,